

Bless the Rains Down in Africa

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Summary:

You're just enjoying some music while waiting on Penny to come back, unbeknownst to him watching from the shadows in amusement.

Bless the Rains Down in Africa

You were never that bothered by the floating body parts in the heart of Penny's lair; you worked in a mortuary, after all. For the most part, you didn't pay them too much mind and continued about your business; which currently included dancing modestly to the music booming from your Bluetooth speaker.

Your parents had been avid fans of the seventies and eighties, something you could thank them for, had they still been alive. Honestly, there was no such thing as good or bad music, but something about Africa resonated with you. Sure, it was overplayed from countless sitcoms through your years, but it was still something you could groove to.

Checking your phone again, you saw that it was ten minutes til nine. Penny had promised some sort of surprise for you when he returned from feeding, but God knows what that could mean coming from him. Shrugging, you cranked up the volume and danced about the stage with a grin, almost as if you were the one performing.

"I know that I must do what's right. As sure as Kilimanjaro rises like Olympus above the Serengeti. I seek to cure what's deep inside; frightened of this thing that I've become."

Spinning wistfully, you sang along with the lyrics. The movement of your body followed to the melody, lost in your own world in the midst of a beast's den.

Said beast, however, was grinning at you from one of the main entries; though it didn't look like his usual clown facade. No, he had taken on a human form, in hopes of surprising you with the sickeningly, sweet indulgence of a *date*. You weren't one for conventional courting and he saw no need altogether, but there was a hayride going through Derry all month of October and he supposed it wouldn't be too bad. If anything, he planned on inconspicuously scaring people on the ride and confusing your coworkers. A win-win situation.

Onlooking with amusement, Penny softly cleared his throat and giggled to himself as you froze in place; peering over your shoulder with morbid realization. However, that gaze turned to surprise at the never before seen appearance.

"Well, if I didn't know any better, I would ask what sane person would be down here." You quipped, turning the music down as he began approaching.

His smile was still unnerving, but you supposed that was just a permanent trait.

"Says the person that willingly walks into a spider's web~. Such impressive dance skills, might I add." His voice was practically a purr as he stepped onto the stage, still towering over your form.

Curiously, you smoothed your fingers over the lapels of his suit jacket and quirked an eyebrow. "Something must be wrong with me; I think I prefer Pennywise the Dancing Clown. Why the new look, huh?"

He pursed his lips and leaned down to showcase a mouthful of sharpened teeth, snapping playfully at you. "Care to join me in both frightening and confusing your coworkers? I recall you saying that they were trying to rope you into the hayride tonight."

"Pfffft—What? You're seriously willing to sit through Jasmine questioning why such a handsome man would bother with such a creepy person like me?"

He swooped an arm behind your back and tucked you against his chest, lips barely brushing your own as he spoke. "I thought you preferred the clown, little one."

"I do..." You paused to actually press a kiss to his full lips, humming softly when he bit softly upon your bottom one in the process. Separating with a slightly glazed look, you grinned and tugged at his collar. "That doesn't mean I can't appreciate this one too."

Chuckling softly, he began ushering you off the stage and out of the sewers; your speaker still playing music softly until it was out of range from your phone.

"I bless the rains down in Africa. Gonna take some time to do the things we never have."

Author's Note:

LOOK.

I BLAME THIS POST ON TUMBLR.

LEAVE ME TO MY TRASH HEAP.

<http://twerking-for-titans.tumblr.com/post/166129334508/mozg-art-skeletallison-it-2017>

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